THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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AN ANCIENT

EGYPTIAN ANECDOTE.

[Translated from HERODOTUS, the father of History.]

PROTEUS, king of Egypt, was succeeded by Rhamsinitus, the richest and most magnificent prince that ever sat on the Egyptian throne. He took great delight in looking at his treasure; and that he might indulge himself in it altogether, he built, adjoining to his palace, a large apartment, on purpose to contain the immense qnantity of silver which he had amassed. The building was square, and entirely of stone. Three of its walls were enclosed by the palace, the fourth was next to the street. In that wall the architect, unknown to the king, had left one of the stones in so loose a manner, that whoever knew the exact place, could take the stone out, and make his entrance through the cavity which it had filled. To all other persons except those who were let into the secret, the building appeared perfect and impenetrable. The royal repository was compleated much to the king's satisfaction, who immediately placed all his treasures there, and scarce failed a day to delight his eyes with the choicest object of his heart. The subtile architect of this edifice did not live to enjoy the fruits of his skill and craftiness. Not long after he had finished the regal store-house, he was taken ill, and, growing worse and worse, soon found himself beyond all hopes of recovery. Perceiving the inevitable approaches of death, he hastened to send for his two sons, without any other witnesses to see him die; and in his expiring moments he divulged to them the great secret of the disjointed stone in the treasury. He explained to them in what manner to remove and replace it; and he omitted no instruction that was necessary for them to observe. This done, he breathed his last, leaving his sons, as he hoped, opulent as the king himself.

The father's body was scarcely cold when his sons, by the help of a very dark night, made their first essay in putting their father's directions into practice. They succeeded without difficulty, and from time to time they repeated their practice, and enjoyed their success. Rhamsinitus, whose head and heart were constantly fixed upon his riches, observed in a few days, great diminutions in his several heaps of silver. His surprise was inexpressible. He was robbed, but by whom was impossible to guess. Surmise itself was at a loss to imagine either the persons or the manner. The apartment was whole. Every part of the treasury perfectly secured to all appearance, yet when the king, in the greatest anxiety, repeated his visits, he still perceived a continued deprivation of his treasures. The avaricious are generally politic. Policy seldom fails to nourish the roots of avarice. Rhamsinitus smothered his uneasiness, and appeared blind to his loss, but secretly ordered nets to be prepared, and spread over the money vessels in such a manner as to entrap the thief, and keep him prisoner till the king returned. This was done with the greatest secrecy. The two brothers came to their source of plenty. One of them entered the treasury, while the other staid without. He who entered was presently taken in the snare. When he perceived his doom inevitable, with a magnanimity that in a good cause must have been highly applauded, he called to his brother, and spoke to him to this purpose: "I am taken—cut off my head, that my person may not be discovered. By this means one of us will escape with life. In the other case we must both suffer a painful, ignominious death." Necessity obliged the unwilling brother to obey. He cut off the head, took it away with him, and replaced the stone.

Rhamsinitus, at the sight of a dead body in his treasury without a head, was not more astonished than disappointed. He examined the edifice over and over. All was entire; not the least aperture to be perceived where any person had come in or gone out. The king's perplexity was as excessive as the cause of it was extraordinary. He went away, but first gave orders that the headless trunk should be hanged upon the outward wall, and guards placed there, who should seize and immediately bring before him, any person appearing sorrowful at the spectacle, or shewing the least signs of pity towards the corpse. The body was no sooner exposed and hung upon the wall, than the mother, who was in possesion of the head, positively enjoined her surviving son to take down his brother's body and bring it to her. In vain he endeavoured to persuade her from such a thought; in vain he represented to her the danger of the attempt. The more he seemed to refuse, the more she persisted in her demand. Her passion even carried her so far as to threaten, in case of disobedience, to throw herself at the feet of Rhamsinitus, and to discover to him the remaining thief that had robbed his treasury.

The son, finding every expostulation and every reasonable argument fruitless, resolved to undertake the hazardous enterprize. To this purpose he loaded several asses with skins filled with wine, and driving them towards the place where the guards were posted, he privately broke some of the skins, and let the wine flow about as it might. The guards, who were near enough to perceive the disaster, immediately ran with pots to catch the wine and drink it. The owner, with the utmost vehemence, implored them to desist. They were deaf, as he wished them, to all his entreaties. Instead of assisting him, they only helped to consume his store. By this means they presently became intoxicated; which he perceiving, resolved to pursue his conquest and pretending, in a sudden fit of good humour, to be contented with his loss, and to be pleased with their company, sat down among them, and generously opened a fresh skin of wine for their drinking. This had the desired effect. They all fell into the depth of drunkenness, and lay dead asleep upon the pavement. Finding each of them sufficiently dosed, he took down his brother's dead body, and by way of triumphal derision, shaved every soldier upon the right cheek; then carrying away the dead corpse upon one of his asses, he brought it to his mother in filial obedience to her unreasonable request.

So far Herodotus seems to believe the

story true. Nor indeed is it quite beyond the bounds of probability. Herodotus doubts the sequel, but continues the narration to this purpose:

Rhamsinitus more and more disappointed and enraged at this new and insolent artifice, resolved at any rate, even at the dearest, to purchase the discovery of so dexterous, so bold, and so successful an offender. He ordered his daughter to prostitute herself in the regal palace, to all commers indifferently, on these conditions, that every person should first swear to discover to her the most iniquitous actions of his life.—The theif, who well knew to what purpose such a strange prostitution, accompanied by such extraordinary injunctions, had been made, resolved once more to elude the deep designs of the Egyptian monarch. He cut off the arm from the body of a man newly expired, and put it under his cloak, carrying it with that concealment to the daughter of Rhamsinitus. At his arrival he was sworn and questioned in the manner he expected, that the most iniquitous action he had ever done, was cutting off his brother's head in the treasury, and his most subtile one was, the method of intoxicating the guards, and conveying away his brother's corpse while they were asleep. The princess immediately endeavoured to seize him. The chamber was dark, and being favoured by that obscurity, he left the dead hand in her's; and while she thought she held him fast he withdrew himself from her, and fortunately made his escape out of the palace.

This new event had a new effect upon the king, he was resolved to pardon him, and caused a proclamation to be published, that if he would discover himself, he should not only receive pardon, but a very great reward from Rhamsinitus. In reliance upon the royal promise, the theif came to the palace, and made an ample discovery of himself, and his transactions; and Rhamsinitus according to his declaration, not only pardoned him, but gave to him in marriage the princess his only daughter.

Biography.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF SCHILLER.

SCHILLER is a native of Stutgard, the capital of the dutchy of Wurtemberg, born in 1760. As his father was an officer in the army of the late reigning Duke of Wurtemberg, who had erected a *military academy*, in imitation of that established at Berlin, by the late Great Frederick, our bard was naturally placed in this seminary, where he received the first rudiments of his education—by no means congenial to his talents. Under all the disadvantages of a military school, he, however, soon distinguished himself among his companions, by his metaphorical language in conversation, and his poetical turn in composition. Though the leader in almost every class through which he passed, his talents did not render him the object of envy & hatred among his schoolfellows; for he was a perfect stranger to reserve and artifice.

Schiller's parents obviously wished him to try his fortune in the army; but his natural propensity to dramatic studies soon determined him to prefer the elegant pursuits of the Muses, to the riotous and dissipating scenes of a military life.

We are not informed at what period of life Schiller left Stutgard; but he must have been very young, (perhaps not twenty years of age,) when he wrote, at Manheim, his famous tragedy "*The Robbers.*" —Manheim then possesed one of the best theatres in Germany, and was well supported by the dramatic talents of Beck and Ifland, two excellent performers: the latter of whom has also written a considerable number of good plays, amounting to twenty-five at least, with the various merits of which his countrymen are well caquainted.

Schiller's next performances were "*Cabal and Love,*" (translated into English by Mr Lewis, under the the title of "*The Minister;*" "*The Conspiracy of Fiesco,*" and "*Don Carlos.*" Each of these plays, particularly the latter, met with a favourable reception on the German stage. It is, however, worthy of remark, that, though all Schiller's compositions bear the stamp of great genius, supported by a brilliant and fertile imagination, yet they are neither calculated to become completely popular, nor to withstand the attacks of the most lenient critics. In fact, they are meteors on the German horrizon; they are not only deficient in the design, or arrangement of parts, but are likewise written in so extravagant, or rather infuriated a dialogue, as to excite the idea, that they must be acted by beings inhabiting a very different world from that we live in. Besides, the style and phraseology of Schiller cannot be held out as a pattern of German writing, to those who apply to the study of that copious and energetic language. The natives of Germany, who have studied their language grammatically, and critically, are annoyed in every page of his earlier compositions, with Swabian and Bavarian provincialisms.

Soon after the four dramatic pieces above-mentioned had made their appearance, Schiller presented the public with a volume of poems, which greatly increased his reputation, already established among a certain class of readers, who delight in the marvellous, and which, not undeservedly, were the the means of introducing him into the higher circles of life. The reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a true Mæcenas in German literature, is said to have been so much pleased with Schiller's poems, that he appointed him one of his Aulic Counsellors,* and conferred on him a professorship of history and philosophy in the university of Jena. Here he composed his "*History of the Thirty Years War in Germany;*" a work of great merit, and, in the opinion of some Germans, not inferior to the compositions of Livy, Voltaire, or Gibbon. This, however, is a pardonable prejudice in favour of Schiller, since his countrymen cannot boast of many good historians, and perhaps of none of superior excellence, or at least equal to Hume and Robertson. So much is certain, that the last-mentioned two writers greatly gain in the comparison with the best German historians, namely, Haberlin, the two Henrys (*Heinrich*) Schmidt, Galletti, Buchholz, Wagner, and Baczko.

The next work of Schiller's is "*The History of the Netherlands;*" which, however, he has not yet concluded, although it was begun several years ago. Perhaps, the severe criticisms that appeared on this work in the German Reviews, have discouraged him from prosecuting this very important subject.†

Another work of Schiller's, that excited cosiderable attention in Germany, is, "*The History of the most Memorable Conspiracies.*"—But, as a work of imagination, displaying all the powers of invention, his "*Ghostseer*" may be ranked

* This is a mere title, attended with no other emolument than that of being called *Her Hofrath*, instead of the simple word *Herr*, i. e. Sir, or Mr.—The Germans, however, are still very fond of titles—being an appendage to the *old* feudal system: and as the petty sovereigns rarely reward a meritorious literary man in a more effectual manner than by loading him with an empty title, the first characters in Germany are *reluctantly* obliged to submit to this farcical mode of rewarding literary merit, until a better prospect opens.

† Meanwhile, the Bishop of Antwerp has written a most valuable "*History of the Netherlands.*"

among the principal compositions of that kind. It has been very imperfectly translated into English; and many superficial readers have concluded, that the genius of the Germans strongly inclines to the marvellous and romantic, because this book was received with such satisfaction by certain classes of people in Germany, that it has been several times re-printed; though the first part of it only was published by the author. Another writer, of inferior talents, has published a surreptitious continuation of the "*Ghostseer*," which, not withstanding its inferiority, has met with an unmerited degree of success.

Schiller now conducts a monthly publication, which is supported by the first German writers, among whom we find the names of *Dalberg*, *Engel*, *Grave*, *Gleim*, *Goethe*, *Herder*, *Huffeland*, *Humboldt*, *Jacobi*, *Matthison*, *Pfeffel*, *Schutz*, &c. This classical Magazine is printed at Tubingen, under the title, "*Die Horen*," alluding to the three graces, *Eunomia*, *Dice*, and *Irene*.

Besides these publications, Schiller is the editor of an annual poetical almanack, (*Musen Almanack*), which serves as a vehicle for the occasional effusions of young bards, who wish to bring their poetical talents to the test before the public, and to profit by the previous criticisms and corrections of the editor. In this almanack he also communicates the latest productions of his own muse.

Our poet is said to have displayed a strong propensity, in his youth, to whatever had the appearance of eccentricity. His dress, his mode of life, even his courtships, were as original as his mode of writing. It is, however, not very difficult to account for these peculiarities. If we consider him as a youth endowed with a fertile and active mind, with the strongest sensations of virtue and liberty, and, at the same time, checked in his intellectual career, within the narrow path of a military school, where every thing moves by the dimensions of space and time; his earlier productions, such as "*The Robbers*," and "*The Conspiracy of Fiesco*," are, in a high degree, characterestic of the situation and circumstances in which he was placed at a time of life, when the human mind is susceptible of the strongest and most lasting impressions.

We cannot suppress a singular anecdote which forms an epocha in the life of Schiller. As a distinguished favourite among the fair, his courtships in general were more of the passive than of the active kind. Thus it happened, that a young lady, of rank and fortune, in the vicinity of Jena, sent him an unexpected challenge, by offering him her hand at the altar of Hymen. This he could not easily refuse, without being guilty of great rudeness and cruelty; especially as the enamoured lady would undoubtedly have fallen a victim to an affection which he alone could relieve, and which she had contracted by the perusal of his poems.—Such is the power of language, even in the dead letter of a book! Schiller married this frank and amiable lady, who now enjoys more favourable opportunities of studying his character, and of testifying her esteem for his talents and conjugal virtues, than at the former distance when reading his captivating poems.

THE REFLECTOR.
NO. XIX.
ODES OF HORACE.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, *Olympic* crowns,
Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper subjects for the lyric song.
HORACE'S ODES.

FROM the works of Virgil we pass on to the productions of Horace, who were cotemporaries, and are both of them in high reputation with posterity. Horace flourished in the age of Augustus, was patronized by Mæcenas, nor did he long survive him. This incident is supposed to have touched him so sensibly, that he did not outlive him long enough to lament him in an elegy. His works consist of *Odes*, *Epistles*, *Satires*, and the *Art of Poetry*. Confidant of his immortal fame, he thus, in his Odes, beautifully expresses his indifference to any magnificent funeral rites or fruitless sorrows for his death:

"Mourn not, no friendly drops must fall,
No sighs attend my funeral,
Those, common deaths may crave;
Let no disgraceful grief appear,
Nor damp my glory with a tear,
And spare the useless honors of a grave.
CREECH."

To the Odes this Reflector shall be confined; and having explained the nature of this species of composition, we shall dwell on its engaging variety.

The ode among the ancients signified no more than a song, but with the moderns the ode and song are considered as different compositions; the ode being usually employed in grave and lofty subjects, and seldom sung but on solemn occasions. Horace, indeed, has enumerated the proper subjects for this kind of poetry, in the lines prefixed to this paper. "In the Odes," says Dr. Blair, "Poetry retains its first and most ancient form, that form under which the original bards poured forth their enthusiastic strains, praised their gods and their heroes, celebrated their victories, and lamented their misfortunes. It is from this circumstance of the ode's being supposed to retain its original union with music, that we are to deduce the proper idea and the peculiar qualities of this kind of poetry."

But the ode also admits of almost an endles variety. It embraces topics of every complexion, though, in its strisctest sense, it is allied to subjects of sublimity. Dr. Blair remarks, "that all odes may be comprised under four denominations—sacred odes—heroic odes—moral and philosophical odes—festive and amorous odes, calculated merely for pleasure and amusement." To the third class belong many of the odes of Horace, where the sentiments are chiefly inspired by virtue, friendship, and humanity.

We shall proceed to adduce specimens, though the best translations of such authors must, necessarily, fall far beneath their elegant originals.

In one of his odes Horace thus delineates *the man of integrity*.

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to war and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world!

The ode addressed to the *Ship in which Virgil sailed to Athens*, whilst it expresses the most amiable affection for his brother poet, energetically describes the hardiness of the first person who ventured to navigate the ocean! We shall transcribe the major part of it:

So may the Cyprian queen divine,
And the twin-stars, with saving lustre shine;
So may the father of the wind,
All but the western gales propitious bind,
As yon dear vessel safe restore
Th' entrusted pledge to the Athenian shore,
And of my soul the partner save,
My much-lov'd Virgil from the raging wave.

Or oak or brass with triple fold,
That hardy mortal's daring breast enroll'd
Who first to the wild ocean's rage
Launch'd the frail bark and heard the winds engage,
Tempestuous when the south descends
Precipitate, and with the north contends;
Nor fear'd the stars, portending rain,
Nor the loud tyrant of the western main;
Of power supreme the storm to raise,
Or calmer, smooth the surface of the seas.
What various forms of death could fright
The man who view'd, with fix'd unshaken sight,
The floating monsters, waves enflam'd,
And rocks for shipreck'd fleets ill-fam'd?
Jove has the realms of earth in vain,
Divided by th' inhabitable main,
If ships profane, with fearless pride,
Bound o'er th' inviolable tide.
No laws, or human or divine,
Can the presumptuous race of man confine!

FRANCIS.

How delicate a compliment is here paid to the Mantuan Bard! how tender an anxiety is expressed for his safety and welfare! what an energy pervades the lines which describe the audacity of man, disdaining its prescribed boundaries!

From these specimens the reader may form some idea of the elegance and beauty of this exquisite writer. With every classic he is always a favorite author. Amongst his translators the chief were Creech and Francis, the latter of whom approaches the nearest to the spirit of his admirable original. Horace was fully sensible that he possessed this charming talent for writing, and avows his firm belief that his productions would reach posterity. His prophecy has been fully accomplished. Listen to his strains, but accuse him not of confidence and vanity—

"More durable than brass the frame
Which here I consecrate to fame;
Higher than pyramids that rise
With royal pride to brave the skies;
Nor years, though numberless the train;
Nor flight of seasons, wasting rain;
Nor winds that loud in tempests break,
Shall e'er its firm foundation shake!
Nor shall the funeral pile consume
My fame; that nobler part shall bloom,
And with unfading youth improve,
While to the immortal fane of Jove,
The vestal maids, in silent state,
Ascending, on the pontiff wait!"

"Horace," says Mr. Francis, "collected his lyric poetry by command of Augustus, into three volumes, when he probably placed this ode at the end of them. It is natural that every artist should applaud himself at the finishing any work in which he hath succeeded; yet it is more pardonable in works of genius, since they are, if such an expression may be allowed, an emanation of our souls, and as they are most intimate, so are they, consequently, most dear to us. But independently of right, the poets, whether good or bad, have ever maintained themselves in possession of this custom, and the judgment of posterity can alone determine between the merit of some and the presumption of others. The two last lines of the above quotation allude to this circumstance." The pontiff or high priest alone pronounced any words concerning religion in public sacrafices, and the vestal virgins who attended him to the capital, were obliged to preserve a solemn silence. The prediction of our poet is now accomplished far beyond the term he proposed. The capital is fallen—the religion of the Romans continues no longer, yet the poems of Horace preserve all their original strength and beauty. We may be bold to say that their destiny is blended with that of the world, and that they can only perish in one common ruin! We conclude with the opinion of Dr. Hugh Blair—"Of all the writers of odes, ancient or modern, there is none that in point of correctness, harmony, and happy expression, can vie with Horace. He has descended from the Pindaric rapture to a more moderate degree of elevation, and joins connected thought and good sense, with the highest beauties of poetry. He does not often aspire beyond the middle region, which I mentioned as belonging to the ode; and those odes in which he attempts the sublime are, perhaps, not always the best. The peculiar character in which he excells is grace and elegance, and in this style of composition no poet, however, attained to greater perfection than Horace. No poet supports a moral sentiment with more dignity, touches a gay one more happily, or possesses the art of trifling more agreeably when he chuses to trifle. His language is so fortunate, that with a single word or epithet he often conveys a whole description to the fancy. Hence he ever has been and ever will continue to be a favourite author with all persons of taste."

After these ample testimonies to the merit of the odes, any additional encomiums cannot be necessary to extend *their* reputation.

GONDEBAUT, DUKE OF BURGUNDY,

Made laws, that any person that stole a dog was to lick his posteriors in the presence of a whole company. The stealer of a hawk, also, was obliged to let that bird eat five ounces of flesh from his stomach, unless he chose rather to pay six crowns to the proprietors, and two as a fine to the exchequer.

THE BEAUTIES

OF THE LATE

MARY WOLLSTONCRAFT GODWIN,

Author of "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." Carefully selected from her various publications, for the entertainment and instruction of the rising generation.

[*From Mary: A Fiction.*]

MARY'S CHARACTER.

NEAR to her father's house was a range of mountains; some of them were, literally speaking, cloud-capt, for on them clouds continually rested, and gave grandeur to the prospect; and down many of their sides the little bubling cascades ran till they swelled a beautiful river. Through the straggling trees and bushes the winds whistled, and on them the birds sung, particularly the robins: they also found shelter in the ivy of an old castle, a haunted one, as the story went; it was situated on the brow of one of the mountains, and commanded a view of the sea. This castle had been inhabited by some of her ancestors; and many tales had the old housekeeper told her of the worthies who had resided there.

When her mother frowned, and her friend looked cool, she would steal to this retirement, where human foot seldom trod—gaze on the sea, observe the grey clouds, or listen to the wind which struggled to free itself from the only thing that impeded its course. When more cheerful, she admired the various dispositions of light and shade, the beautiful tints the gleams of sunshine gave to the distant hills; then she rejoiced in existence, and darted into futurity.

One way home was through the cavity of a rock covered with a thin layer of earth, just sufficient to afford nourishment to a few stunted shrubs and wild plants, which grew on its sides, and nodded over the summit. A clear stream broke out of it, and ran amongst the pieces of the rocks fallen into it. Here twilight always reigned—it seemed the temple of solitude; yet, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, when the foot sounded on the rock, it terrified the intruder, and inspired a strange feeling, as if the rightful sovereign was disloged. In this retreat she red Thompson's Seasons, Young's Night Thoughts, and Paradise Lost.

At a little distance from it were the huts of a few poor fishermen, who supported their numerous children by their precarious labour. In these little huts she frequently rested, and denied herself every childish gratification, in order to

relieve the necessities of the inhabitants. Her heart yearned for them, and would dance with joy when she had relieved their wants, or afforded them pleasure.

In these pursuits she learned the luxury of doing good; and the sweet tears of benevolence frequently moistened her eyes, and gave them a sparkle which, exclusive of that, they had not; on the contrary, they were rather fixed, and would never have been observed if her soul had not animated them. They were not at all like those brilliant ones which look like polished diamonds, and dart from every superfice, giving more light to the beholders than they receive themselves.

Her benevolence, indeed, knew no bounds; the distress of others carried her out of herself; and she rested not till she had relieved or comforted them. The warmth of her compassion often made her so diligent, that many things occurred to her, which might have escaped a less interested observer.

In like manner, she entered with such spirit into whatever she read, and the emotions thereby raised, were so strong, that it soon became a part of her mind.

Enthusiastic sentiments of devotion at this period actuated her; her Creator was almost apparent to her senses in his works: but they were mostly the grand or solemn features of nature which she delighted to contemplate. She would stand and behold the waves rolling, and think of the voice that could still the tumultuous deep.

These propensities gave the colour to her mind, before the passions began to exercise their tyrannic sway, and particularly pointed out those which the soil would have a tendency to nurse.

Years after, when wandering through the same scenes, her imagination has strayed back, to trace the first placid sentiments they inspired, and she would earnestly desire to regain the same peaceful tranquility.

Many nights she set up, if I may be allowed the expression, *conversing* with the Author of Nature, making verses, and singing hymns of her own composing. She considered also, and tried to discern what end her various faculties were destined to pursue; and had a glimpse of a truth, which afterwards more fully unfolded itself.

She thought that only an infinite being could fill the human soul, and that when other objects were followed as a means of happiness, the delusion led to misery, the consequence of diappointment. Under the influence of ardent affections, how often she has forgot this conviction, and as often returned to it again, when it struck her with redoubled force. Often did she taste unmixed delight; her joys, her ecstacies arose from genius.

She was now fifteen, and she wished to receive the holy sacrament; and perusing the scriptures, and discussing some points of doctrine which puzzled her, she would sit up half the night, her favourite time for employing her mind; she too plainly perceived that she saw through a glass darkly; and that the bounds set to stop our intellectual researches, is one of the trials of a probationary state.

But her affections were roused by the display of divine mercy; and she eagerly desired to commemorate the dying love of her great benefactor. The night before the important day when she was to take on herself her baptismal vow, she could not go to bed; the sun broke in on her meditations, and found her not exhausted by her watching.

The orient pearls were strewed around —she hailed the morn, and sung with wild delight, Glory to God on high, good will towards men. She was indeed so much affected when she joined in the prayer for her eternal preservation, that she could hardly conceal her violent emotions; and the recollection never failed to wake her dormant piety when earthly passions made it grow languid.

These various movements of her mind were not commented on, nor were the luxuriant shoots restrained by culture. The servants and the poor adored her.

In order to be enabled to gratify herself in the highest degree, she practised the most rigid œconomy, and had such power over her appetites and whims, that without any great effort she conquered them so entirely, that when her understanding or affections had an object, she almost forgot she had a body which required nourishment.

SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility is the most exquisite feeling of which the human soul is susceptible: when it prevades us, we feel happy; and could it last unmixed, we might form some conjecture of the bliss of those paradisical days, when the obedient passions were under the dominion of reason, and the impulses of the heart did not need correction.

It is this quickness, this delicacy of feeling, which enables us to relish the sublime touches of the poet, and the painter; it is this, which expands the soul, gives an enthusiastic greatness, mixed with tenderness, when we view the magnificent objects of nature; or hear of a good action. The same effect we experience in the spring, when we hail the returning sun, and the consequent renovation of nature; when the flowers unfold themselves, and exhale their sweets, and the voice of music is heard in the land. Softened by tenderness, the soul is disposed to be virtuous. Is any sensual gratificatin to be compared to that of feeling the eyes moistened after having comforted the unfortunate?

Sensibility is, indeed, the foundation of all our happiness; but these raptures are unknown to the depraved sensualist, who is only moved by what strikes his gross senses; the delicate embellishments of nature escape his notice; as do the gentle and interesting affections.—But it is only to be felt; it escapes discussion.

[*From Travels into Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.*]

VIVACITY.

Adieu! I must trip up the rocks. The rain is over. Let me catch pleasure on the wing—I may be melancholy to-morrow. Now all my nerves keep time with the melody of nature. Ah! let me be happy whilst I can. The tear starts as I think of it. I must fly from thought, and find refuge from sorrow in a strong imagination—the only solace for a feeling heart. Phantoms of bliss! ideal forms of excellence! again inclose me in your magic circle, and wipe clear from my remembrance the disappointments which render the sympathy painful, which experience rather increases than damps; by giving the indulgence of feeling the sanction of reason.

CASCADE.

Reaching the cascade, or rather cataract, the roaring of which had a long time announced its vicinity, my soul was hurried by the falls into a new train of reflections. The impetuous dashing of the rebounding torrent from the dark cavities which mocked the exploring eye, produced an equal activity in my mind: my thoughts darted from earth to heaven, and I asked myself why I was chained to life and its misery? Still the tumultuous emotions this sublime object excited were pleasurable; and viewing it, my soul rose, with renewed dignity, above its cares—grasping at immortality—it seemed as impossible to stop the current of my thoughts, as of the always varying, still the same torrent before me—I stretched out my hand to eternity, bounding over the dark speck of life to come!

(To be continued.)

New-York,

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1802.

[We cheerfully give place to the following Letter, received a few days since, from one of our female friends. We sincerely thank DELIA for her timely notice, and for the candour with which she has given her sentiments: at the same time we inform her, that though we shall never be too severe, or personal in our remarks, we shall keep a watchful eye over her sex, and praise their virtues, or expose their vices as Truth shall direct, and Reason approve.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE a few remarks to offer on your conduct as an Editor. You will, perhaps, say, with an ugly frown, or a sarcastic smile, that I have taken the wrong side of the question; but neither your frowns nor your sarcasms shall deter me from giving my opinion of your ill-natured bickerings against our sex. I am a constant reader of the Lady's Monitor, and must confess I was very well pleased with it till lately. For some time after your commencement of the publication, it breathed nothing but universal philanthropy to the fair. Their faults, *if they had any*, were suffered to lay dormant, and to increase with their years. Like an impatient lover, you was all attention to please, thinking it, no doubt, the most likely plan of success. Having gained this desirable point, your natural austerity has returned; and you have commenced a most unprovoked attack upon those whom it is ever your duty to defend.

Sophia, a friend of mine, declares it is insufferable; and that if she must constantly be told of every little circumstance that does not chance to please your critical eyes....of her gown's not setting quite close enough in one place, or too close in another....of her hose not being the same colour they were seven years ago....of the attitude of her shawl, it being what you are pleased to term, with a sneer, "graceful negligence"....of the size of her muff, which is large and black, consequently genteel....of her partaking of the common amusements of the town, which I am sure are harmless....of her spending an hour or two at play, and, perchance, losing a few dollars....of her having more than one gallant, though they should be never so sweet fellows, she declares, upon her *honour*, I say, that she will no longer patronize your ungrateful satyres, and leave you to seek for readers among the vulgar.

Now, Sophia is a very fine girl, and I entirely approve of her declaration. That a paper, designed principally for the use of the ladies, should contain sentiments (however just) calculated to raise a blush, is to me unaccountable. You some where very sagaciously remark, that the vices and follies of the day call loudly for reproof. This may be true: but I think you have a great stock of assurance to notice so *trifling a circumstance as a lady's dress*. As a friend, I would advise you to make immediate concessions to our sex; and, for the future, be silent on the subject of others' faults. It is a delicate wire to touch, and, if pressed, the sounds may prove too discordant for your musical ears. Trusting that these hints will have their desired effect, I subscribe myself your friend, DELIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

As I am a subscriber to your Miscellany, I shall take the liberty to offer some remarks on its plan, and on the nature and tendency of periodical publications in general.

Like Marc Antony, I can assert, that I am no orator, but a plain, blunt man. My system, I believe, will hold good throughout. I am aware that, by giving my sentiments in plain terms, I may draw upon myself the contempt of *some;* but my guardian genius whispers, "the unfeigned applause of the *many* await your declarations, and will amply shield you from the splenetic vapours of those already smarting under the lash of criticism and just exposure."

I shall hereafter consider you the CENSOR of our city. Such an officer has long been wanted; and I rejoice at seeing you enter the lists, with Truth for your standard, and Justice your commander. Rome, in the midst of all her greatness, and *in the full tide of successful experiment*, saw the necessity of a check upon the luxuries which were introduced from the conquered countries, and of their effect, not only upon the common people, but upon the public functionaries who held the reigns of government. A Censor was appointed....the magistrates were kept to their duty....and the people saw THE WORK WAS GOOD.

Our country is rapidly increasing in population and settlement. The Old World, long shaken with convulsions, has vomited forth thousands of its tenants, who, like the insect of May (the bee) swarm on these happy shores. These people, unlike the insect mentioned, bring with them the poison gathered in *their fields*, taint *our* atmosphere, and are gradually diffusing the noxious vapour over our rising settlements. Can men, who have their country's good at heart, or a single spark of public virtue, sit in silence and see the ancient simplicity of their fathers exchanged for the gaudy trappings of Europe ....courteous hospitality for ceremonious etiquette....and republican plainness for luxury and dissipation?

The cities of New-York and Philadelphia are rapidly increasing in numbers, wealth, and influence; and it is with pain I mention it, their vices increase in a greater ratio. Legislatures and individuals are bound, by their duty to society, to check, as far as in them lies, these causes of national debasement. Who are there among us whose affections do not kindle into enthusiasm when he hears foreign nations proclaim ús the most virtuous and happy people in the world....a model for imitation?

America is the envy of Europe. The frugality, constancy, and perseverance which has marked the conduct of our fathers, from the time of their emigration to the present day, has been often witnessed, and spoken of with exultation by European travellers.—Americans! shall it be said that the causes which contributed to our national greatness are now no more? Forbid it Heaven!

Periodical publications, if well conducted, must have a tendency to aid the cause of virtue, and subserve the best interests of society. A volume, though stored with good advice, would be considered as engrossing too much time....its prolixity might tire.... and, consequently, but few would peruse the labours of the learned and the ingenious.... but few inhale the sweets of literature. To remedy this evil, the genius of DE SALLO in-

vented periodical publications. By this plan of diffusing the product of the mind, he hoped to remove every obstacle to improvement; and, by once awakening into life the flame of knowledge in all classes, to raise his country to the summit of human greatness.

As you, Sir, are the conductor of one of those vehicles, I trust you will persevere in the honourable cause of knowledge and virtue....that you will consider it as your first, great duty to promote and bring forward infantine genius....that you will stimulate to industry those to whom Nature and Heaven have been bountiful....and that you will

....." Shoot folly as it flies,
And sketch the manners living as they rise."

I hope you will continue in this your path of duty; and that mankind may grow enlightened from your labours. The time is fast approaching when you will meet your reward from an approving God, and the smiles of Angels. MENTOR.

THEATRICAL.

THE CONSPIRACY OF FIESCO, from the German of the celebrated SCHILLER, has been got up and performed at our Theatre during the present week. This dramatic writer has acquired an uncommon degree of celebrity as well among the Germans as the English. None of his performances have escaped the lash of criticism, which, perhaps, has never been more justly inflicted than upon his eccentric compositions. It will hence be understood, that, in *his own country*, particularly among critics, who combine a correct taste with a judicious arrangement of facts....facts founded upon the *purity* of moral motives.... he holds but a middle rank.

At the tender age of twenty, Schiller produced his famous tragedy of *The Robbers*, which was performed at Manheim. This city then possessed one of the best Theatres in the empire, and was well supported by the dramatic talents of the celebrated IFLAND, who, having written several very excellent plays, and being himself a good performer, had greatly contributed to the advancement of the German stage.

The Conspiracy of Fiesco was written soon after, and met with a favourable reception *at home*. All Schiller's compositions bear the stamp of great genius, supported by a brilliant and fertile imagination, yet they are good food for critics, and many a starved author has purchased a dinner at his expense.

Fiesco is a piece of considerable length. It has received an English dress from the hand of a master; and been brushed and trimmed to the modern fashion by Mr. Dunlap.

There is one principal cause which retards the advancement of the American stage: the want of theatrical performers, *the growth of our own soil*. The Managers of our Theatres are dependant on a foreign nation for comedians. They are mostly chosen from strolling companies, or discarded members of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. These gentry, when they come forward on the American boards, are suffered to break their articles half a dozen times with each Manager ....must have their *choice* of characters....and the most gentle courtesy used to keep them in a place where they have immortalized themselves in the opinion of an audience unschooled in the wiles of THALIA, and to prevent them from returning home to follow a scene-cart from barn to barn. We hope, ere long, to witness the successful efforts of our countrymen....the efforts of those who, after discharging the terrible artillery of Shakspeare, will stoop to the pop-guns of Morton and Reynolds....those who will be the hero one night, and the humble companion the next.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A private letter, addressed to the Editor, and signed "AMI," has been received. As he stiles himself a friend to the Monitor, we cannot forbear making some remarks on this strange compound of a strange writer. Though he acknowledges "that fashion holds too much sway, and that he has often been disgusted at the dress of the young ladies," still he is surprised "that a publication, designed as a companion for that sex," should contain any thing calculated to expose their folly, and check the growing evil. We are willing to believe, that "those who patronize our paper, are the most deserving and least extravagant of the sex;" and are very sorry that "those with whom Ami has the pleasure to be acquainted, feel themselves injured" at what was designed as a mirror for their eyes. As nothing personal has, or shall be admitted into our Miscellany, we make no concessions to such individuals as feel themselves the subjects of remark.

"JULIA" must excuse us for suppressing her Parnassian flights, The desire of the Editor to please those who do *not* write, controuls his inclination from giving publicity to the lucubrations of those who *sometimes do*. By dint of application, Julia may soon write poetry.

The "OBSERVER" is received, and shall have a place in our next. We are grateful for his favours, and would thank him for a continuance.

The humble petition of WHITE STOCKINGS to the ladies, came too late for insertion this week. It shall have a place in our next.

A correspondent recommends the more frequent use of *Cat-Fish* to the good people of Alexandria, as they begin to furnish *something comfortable* for the *pocket* as well as palate.

The lady of Mr. Lewis Simpson, grocer, near the Market, lately found in the belly of one, no less than *twenty-five cents!!*

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear."

[ALEX. AD.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. PETER CRUGER, Esq. to Miss CHURCH, daughter of John B. Church, Esq.

DIED,

On Sunday evening, the 28th March, after a short but severe illness, aged 21 years and 3 months, Miss HELENA BACHE, youngest daughter of Theophylact Bache, Esq.

"Oh, fairest flower that ever bloom'd
'To deck life's variegated scene;
'No sooner open'd than entomb'd—
'How short liv'd have thy beauties been.
'With rising joys *Hope* strew'd the way,
'And Hygea's roses deck'd thy brow;
'Lovely, and young, and good, and gay
'Thou wert—But ah! what art thou now?
'Cold—lifeless—dead—a senseless clod—
'To death's chill grasp an early prey;
'Frail as the tenants of the sod
'Which shrouds thee from the face of day.
'Let frantic *Mirth* be pensive here,
'Here let *Youth* weep its transient bloom;
'Here let vain *Beauty* drop a tear,
'For *Helen* moulders in the tomb."

At Philadelphia, GUNNING BEDFORD, Esq. one of the Aldermen of that city, in the 85d year of his age.

Parnassian Garland.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

In my last Boston "Centinel," a paper which contains many good things, is a parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy. As your Miscellany is styled a Monitor for those who are often in need of one, please re-publish it, and oblige at least

ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A MODERN LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

.....View those creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature.

SHAKSPEARE.

To dress,* or not to dress, that's the question:
Whether 'tis better in the *buff*, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous winter;
Or to take clothes against an host of troubles
And, by opposing, end them?—To freeze;
to shake;
No more?—and, by a shake, to say we cure
The heart-ache, and the thousand scornful
scoffs
That clothes are heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.—To freeze; to shake;
To shake! perchance, to die;—Ay, there's
the rub;
For in this dearth of clothes, the deaths that
come,
When we have shuffled off their cumb'rous
coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes curst petticoats of such wide
width;
For who would bear, of three or four breadth
skirt,
The oppression strong, the proud one's con-
tumely,
The cloak of hidden charms, the gait's de-
lay,
The hinderance of legs, and the scream
That prim propriety for nature takes,
When we ourselves might our quietus make
With a bare *nothing?* Who would fardels
bear,
Or groan and sweat under their weary weight;
But that the dread of meeting frigid death.
My undiscovered beauty, to whose charms
No traveller will turn—puzzles my will;
And makes me rather bear those ills I fear,
Than fly to others that I know not of.
Thus fashion does make playthings of us
all;
And thus the native hue of ev'ry charm
Is shadow'd o'er with a pale shift of lawn;
And curvatures of great pith and moment,
Without regard, their beauties turn to view,
And lose the name of fictions.

* Dress, in these modern times, is not a fable in the female character.

THE HUE AND CRY.

O yes, my good, people draw near,
My story surpasses belief.
Yet deign for a moment to hear,
And assist me to catch a stray thief.

Have you chanc'd a fair damsel to meet,
Adorn'd like an angel of light,
In a robe that flow'd down to her feet,
No snow on the mountains so white?

Silver flowers bespangled her shoe,
Amber locks on her shoulders were spread,
Her waist had a girdle of blue,
And a beaver plum'd hat had her head.

Her steps an impression scarce leave;
She bounds o'er the meadow so soon;
Her smiles are like Autumn's clear eve,
And her looks as serene as his noon.

She seems to have nothing to blame,
Deceitful and meek as the dove:
But there lives not a thief of such fame,
She has pilfer'd below and above.

Her cheek has the blushes of day,
Her neck has out-done the swan's wing;
Her breath has the odours of May,
And her eye has the dew of the spring.

She has robb'd of its crimson, the rose,
She has dar'd the carnation to strip,
The bee, who has plunder'd them knows,
And would fain fill his hive at her lip.

She has stol'n for her forehead so ev'n
All beauty by sea and by land,
She has all the fine azure of heav'n
In the veins of her temple and hand.

Yes, yes, she has ransack'd above,
And beggar'd both nature and art,
She has got all we honour and love;
And from me she has pilfer'd my heart.

Bring her home, honest friend, bring her
home,
And set her down safe at my door,
Let her once my companion become,
And I swear she shall wander no more.

Bring her home, and I'll give a reward,
Whose value can never be told;
More precious than all you regard,
More in worth than a house full of gold.

A reward such as none but a dunce,
Such as none but a madman would miss;
O yes, I would give you, for once,
From the charmer you bring me a KISS.

THE CELL OF SOLITUDE.

Dim as the fleeting visions of the night,
A dark tower tott'ring clos'd th' extended
view;
While round its spires, illum'd with feeble
light,
The flitting bat, and boding raven flew.

Rent was the hanging arch—the domes o'er-
thrown;
Nor tread was heard along the distant pile,
Save when the troubled ghost with hollow
moan,
Strode slowly o'er the long resounding isle.

One only cell withstood the waste of time,
'Twas where a turret rear'd its moss-clad
brow:
Gloomy it stood in falling pomp sublime,
And show'd the mould'ring wrecks around
below.

Here on her hand her drooping head re-
clin'd;
Wrapt in sweet musing sat the lonely
power;
Pensive she sat and heard the howling wind
Die, faintly murm'ring round her ivy'd
bower.

In graceful ringlets fell her amber hair!
Black as the raven's plumes her mantle
flow'd;
No cupids round her fan'd the sullen air;
No festive echo cheer'd her lone abode.

But the wild harp that to the blast complains,
Sooth'd with melodious plaint her raptur'd
ear;
Deep, solemn, awful roll'd the varying strains,
Such strains the seraphims with transport
hear.

ODE.

WRITTEN BY A NATIVE OF DAMASCUS.

[Faithfully translated.]

Hail, the banquet, 'tis divine!
Here the streams of rosy wine!
Such as friendly souls desire,
Warm the lover's am'rous fire.

Fill'd with friendship, full of mirth,
Rich libations sprinkle earth;
Crims'ning high the lucid clay,
Night reflects a rising day.

Goblets, vases, mighty bowls,
Pouring nectar o'er our souls;
Sparkle to each raptur'd eye,
Bright as zodiac's starry sky.

Ev'ry beauty, all the loves,
Trip it o'er sweet scented groves;
Mirth alone is welcome here;
Sorrow comes, and dries the tear.

Sprightly song, and dulcet sound
Freely wander wide around:
Song has charms, and music power,
Soft to hush the tempest's hour.

Moping grief and aching care,
Instant quit their sombre air,
All is pleasure, all is mirth!
Hither come, ye sons of earth.

Yes, the dervise here may come,
Let him make with us an home;
Soon his bosom, taught to feel,
Shall to wine and beauty yield.

C.

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